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WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office next door to Red Front.

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Hartford, Kentucky.

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SPECIAL attention given to collections and all kinds surveying, making abstracts, etc. Also Notary Public for Ohio county. Office north side of public square.

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WILL practice their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to criminal practice and collections. Also Notary Public for Ohio county.

A WALL STREET LAMB.

The Experience of a Country Merchant in New York City.

[New York Cor. St. Louis Republic.]

I am a lamb. I went into Wall Street five years ago with \$100,000 in cash. Today a West street lodging-house is my only home, and I thank God for the free lunch system, which saves me from actual starvation. I am not only penniless, but I am a physical wreck. My family is dispersed; all ties dear to the heart are broken. I have but one passion—to hover with the thousands of other raven-winged moths around the glamorous globe of the "dicker." I have lost all self-restraint, all self-possession. I am hypnotized into belief, and I have my whole fortune laid back into my arms once more, it would go the same way.

Six years ago I was a prosperous shoe-keeper in a small city in the northern part of this state. It took me 20 years to build up the business with \$20,000. I am an Englishman born. After graduating from Oxford, not without honors, I came to a new country to make my fortune. I wanted to go into law, but while waiting to get my credentials I went into a store, being unwilling to depend upon my folk at home. The storekeeper died shortly, and I ran the shop for the widow. Later I bought it and began to lay aside money in two banks.

Instead of the horribly hopeless existence of a speculating has been, living on "time" to the "tinny" plungers, when, if they lose I avoid to escape their clutches. I do for a few crumbs from the beggarly feast—instead of this, I say, I should have been in that little city today the most respected and surely the wealthiest of her citizens, with home, family and friends, had I not received from England two legacies within a twelve-month. These windfalls aggregated \$80,000, and the interior town, so rural, innocent, and honest, became too small for me.

LURED INTO SPECULATION.

When I came to New York I had no more idea of speculation than I now have of ever returning to the land of my birth. I was introduced to a man who posed as a broker. He invited me to lunch with him the next day.

It is needless to say that I accepted his invitation to luncheon. Here was another glimpse into the great world. Wall street amazed, stunned, hypnotized me. The office of the "broker," who was really a bucket-shop keeper, was on the corner. There were about six men to be seen before the "broker" was reached and no king was ever bedged to with a greater divinity.

The great man received me graciously. He was giving orders to obsequious confidential clerks, three at a time, in cabalistic phrases, which imbued me with a proper sense of awe. He began to enthuse over some paintings which he had just imported from Paris at a great cost—a magnificent Diaz, a genuine Murillo and a Danbying. In the midst of the riot of speculation he had time to talk art, and he talked it well. Then we went to luncheon at the Cafe Savarin, leaving the office by a rear exit, in spite of the scores waiting an audience.

THE TWENTY DOLLAR DINNER.

We had a window table at the Savarin. The bucket-shop keeper threw the menu aside and said: "Jules, I'll leave it to you." The waiter bowed and proved himself a man of choice. That lunch was an epicurean revelation. Out of a twenty-dollar bill there was just enough left to tip Jules. The broker was a diplomat. He eschewed Wall Street topics at a meal. If I took the initiative on the topic, he served the subject to maintain or lessen his two objects. I saw that to talk shop there was an impertinence. He said that at six o'clock we should go up the Hudson and take a spin to the home and tomb of the illustrious.

WILLING TO HELP

Securing freedom from the grip of catarrh makes a man a liberator.

Peruna has been making friends of this kind for many years. It cures catarrh wherever located.

Mrs. E. Eades, of 35 Twenty-eighth St., Detroit, Mich., is one of the many thousands of Peruna's friends. This is what she says to Dr. Hartman:

"We have used your Peruna with the most remarkable results and would not be without it. We have always recommended it to our friends. A few years ago I purchased a bottle of your Peruna and after seeing its results, recommended it to my good friend who was troubled with dyspepsia, the curing of which induced her to sell it in her store. She has sold large amounts of it. My daughter has just been cured of jaundice with Peruna. My pen would grow weary were I to begin to tell you of the numerous cures Peruna has effected in our immediate vicinity within the last couple of years."

Dr. Hartman, President of the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, will counsel and prescribe for fifty thousand women this year free of charge. Every suffering woman should write for special question blank for women, and have Dr. Hartman's book, "Health and Beauty." All druggists sell Peruna.

Don't be a Knocker.

An exchange says: If your neighbor is prosperous, let him prosper. Don't grump, growl or grumble. Say a good word for him and let it go at that. Don't be a knocker. Your turn will

come. No man is the whole show. If you see the town is moving along nicely, feel good about it. Help things along. Above a little. Push. Try and get some of the benefits yourself. Don't stand around like a chilly old cadaver. Don't waste your time feeling sore because some fellow has a little more and sense than you have. Do a little hustling yourself. Don't be a knocker. If you can say a good word, say it like a prince. If you are full of bile and are disposed to say something mean, keep your mouth shut. Don't be a knocker. No man ever helped himself up permanently by knocking his neighbors down. Give up a kind word. Give it liberally. It won't cost you a cent, and you may want one yourself some day. You may have thousands to-day and next year be without the price of a shave. So don't be a knocker. You can't afford it. It won't pay. There's nothing in it. If you want to throw something at somebody, throw bricks or rocks. Don't throw bricks or mud. Don't be a knocker. If you must kick, go around behind the barn and take a good kick at yourself. For if you feel that way, you're the man that needs kicking. But, whatever you do, don't be a knocker.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the bar and other officers of the Ohio Circuit Court, held at the court house Hartford, Kentucky, July 20th, 1899, to take appropriate action upon the death of Claude A. Stevens, Jesse E. Foyle was elected chairman and S. A. Anderson Secretary. On motion, the chair appointed the following committee to prepare and report suitable resolutions upon the deceased: J. S. Glenn, E. P. Neal and H. P. Taylor, who prepared and submitted the following report, which was ordered to be spread upon the records of the Ohio circuit and quarterly courts, furnished the court papers for publication and a copy furnished the bereaved family.

HARTFORD, KY., July 20, 1899.

WHEREAS, The untimely and accidental death of our late friend and brother officer, Claude A. Stevens, deputy sheriff, has called us together to pay tribute to his memory, now we, the Attorneys of the Hartford Bar and other officers of the Ohio Circuit Court, RESOLVE 1. That we deplore with

aching hearts and tearful eyes the loss of our co-worker, Claude A. Stevens, a manly and model young man. His short life was characterized not more by the brightness of his intellect and the promise of his splendid development than by the modest manner of his gentlemanly deportment, so commendable in one so young and which was particularly to be noticed by all in him. Officially he did his duty intelligently with unfaltering devotion to it; and personally with unfeeling kindness and courtesy to all. We mourn his death as a heart-rending loss to his family and his relatives, to whom we tender our heartfelt sympathy, and to the community and the State as a public misfortune.

2. That Claude was a pious christian and a man of 19, polite, thoughtful, pious and with the full confidence of every one. Never was the expression of "Death loves a shining man" more appropriate, than on this day, when spoken of the premature death of Claude A. Stevens. In the welfare of christianity, in which he had implicit faith, he was equally as faithful and devoted; and the Sunday school and other societies of which he was a useful teacher and officer, will no doubt adopt suitable resolutions paying sincere and trustworthy testimony to his work and worth.

3. He was a model young man, full of desire, whose example in his short span of life may well be imitated by the youth of the community without the shadow of criticism.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the bereaved family, spread upon the records of the Ohio quarterly and circuit courts and given to the country papers for publication.

E. P. NEAL,
H. P. TAYLOR, } Com.
J. S. GLENN,
Upon motion the meeting adjourned.
J. E. FOYLE, Ch'm'n.
S. A. ANDERSON, Sec'y.

Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or cold will settle there, 25 cents at all good druggists.

An Ingersoll Fancy.

(By Robert C. Ingersoll.)

No day can be so holy but the laugh of a child will make it holier still. Strike with hand of fire, oh weird musician, thy harp strings with Apollo's golden hair. Fill the very cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft touches of the organ's keys. Blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do tingle and kiss the moonlit waves that charm lovers wandering over hills vine-clad. Yet know ye that your music is discord as compared to the laugh of a child—that laugh that marks the boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave which doth drown some fearful fated of care. Oh, laughter, rose-lipped daughter of joy, there are enough dingles in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is a deceptive disease—thousands know it. If you want quick results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney trouble. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

HON. JOHN YOUNG BROWN

Bolts Goebel and Announces Himself a Candidate for Governor.

Ex-Gov. John Young Brown has announced that he has irrevocably made up his mind not to support the Democratic State ticket, and declared himself a candidate for the nomination for Governor by the bolters' convention, which it is proposed to hold soon at Lexington. Gov. Brown said:

"I will accept the nomination if it is tendered me, and shall make it the supreme political struggle of my life."

"There is no moral or political obligation resting on any Democrat to support the work of the late Democratic convention. Fraud vitiates everything. There were fraud, dress and usurpation in the convention. Before the nomination was made, three-fourths of the delegates, perhaps, had gone home, most of them in great disgust and disappointment."

Except to a few who were in close touch with Gov. Brown's intentions, his announcement came as a great surprise, as it was supposed that he was a warm personal friend and supporter of Senator Goebel. He was violently opposed to the candidacy of Mr. P. W. Hardin and told all his friends that his great aim in the recent campaign by Goebel, Hardin and Stone for the nomination, was to defeat Mr. Hardin. Their enmity is such that they do not speak. Gov. Brown favored Senator Goebel over Capt. Stone and gave him some advice. As is well remembered, Gov. Brown, at the beginning of the fight, had about made up his mind to enter the race, but for some reason which he has never confided even to his closest friends, he decided two days later not to become a candidate. It was thought at the time by many persons that he would be a receptive candidate in the event that the convention was deadlocked. This proved to be the case, and during the recent convention he earnestly sought to have Senator Goebel and his friends give him the nomination. He did this through several of his closest friends, who were also friends of Mr. Goebel, and only a few hours before the nomination was made, he told several of them that the time had come when Senator Goebel should withdraw, and take steps which would lead to his nomination in the event it became perfectly apparent that Goebel could not get the nomination. He appeared to be not only willing but anxious to accept the nomination from the same delegates who he is now denouncing as having obtained their places in the convention by fraud.

When the Democratic leaders heard of Gov. Brown's announcement they declared that he would cut a very small figure in the race. One of the most prominent of them said:

"Gov. Brown is no more popular than Gov. Buckner, and he only received 5,000 votes in this State when bolting the regular ticket. Brown will cut no more figure than Buckner. He will not get more than 5,000 or 6,000 votes, and will certainly not exceed 10,000. It simply means that he has ruined himself politically, and while he is a very popular man, he is now merely a bolter and as such his influence and popularity will disappear."

Brown's boom for the bolters' nomination was started by "Bill" Sweeney, of Washington county, who has been sore since was defeated for chairman of the State Convention. He did so with authority. In view of Gov. Brown's intense personal hatred of Mr. Hardin, who was presented for Governor by Sweeney, the circumstance is somewhat peculiar.

If the bolters nominate a full ticket, it is said that Maj. Thomas H. Hays, who was defeated by the Hon. J. C. W. Beckham, and who is very sore, will be nominated for Lieutenant Governor. W. B. Fleming has been mentioned for Attorney General and John W. Headley for Secretary of State. Both were defeated in the Democratic convention.

Gov. Brown told several friends that he would make forty or fifty speeches in the State. Since Goebel's refusal to give him the nomination, Gov. Brown has become as bitter toward Goebel as he is toward Hardin.

A CARD FROM GOV. BROWN.

Gov. Brown later requested that the following statement from him be published:

"In the Courier-Journal of this date, in an article commenting on the present political situation in Kentucky, among other things, not at all true, I find the following gross misstatement: 'During the recent convention he (Brown) earnestly sought to have Senator Goebel and his friends give him the nomination.'

"There is not a syllable of truth in this charge. Never before or during the convention was a word exchanged between Senator Goebel and myself relating to the possibility of my name being presented. Never, by letter or through friends or anybody, was any communication whatever made or authorized by me to him on that subject, directly or indirectly. I want this denial accepted in the most comprehensive sense. Hereafter I shall not notice similar unfounded charges. The questions involved in this canvass are very serious in character and far-reaching in influence to the citizens of the State and of far higher dignity and importance than mere petty personal issues."

It will be observed that Gov. Brown only denies that he in any way asked



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE MILLER.

BY I. B. NALL.

On the banks of old Rough river,
Near the town where I was born,
Stood a mill, and I remember
How the miller ground the corn—
Through the gate the water flushing,
Tossing in the hopper put,
Round and round the turbine rushing,
And the grist ran from the spout.

Where is now that dusty toll?
Where the patrons he served then?
Ah, it seems that Time's a miller,
Ever grinding grists of men,
Through the gate the water flushing,
In the hopper we are put,
Round and round the turbine rushing,
As the grist runs from the spout.

A Novel Way of Bolting Eggs.

Bishop Paret, of Baltimore, some time ago was the guest of an Episcopal family in West Virginia. Learning from the Bishop that he liked hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, his hostess went to the kitchen to boil them herself.

While so engaged she began to sing the first verse of the well known hymn, "Rock of Ages." Then she sang the second verse, the Bishop, who was in the diningroom, joining in. When it was finished, there was silence. The lady herself came into the room a few minutes later, carrying the eggs, and the Bishop remarked:

"Why not sing the third verse?"

"The third verse?" she replied, "Oh, that's not necessary."

"I don't understand," replied Bishop Paret.

"Why, you see, bishop," she replied, "when I am cooking eggs I always sing one verse for soft-boiled and two for hard-boiled."

Coughed 25 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Rosell, Gratiotburg, Ill.

Republican Insincerity.

[Bloomfield Sentinel.]

The Republicans of Ohio in their platform denounced the trusts and then defended for re-nomination Attorney General Monnett, the only Republican who ever fought the trusts. The Republicans of Kentucky denounce the trusts in their platform and then nominate Attorney General Taylor, who has never made an effort to enforce our laws against the trusts. These are two illustrations of the insincerity of the Republican party when it preaches about its opposition to the trusts. It talks that way to humbug the people. The pernicious trust laws have been enacted by the Republicans, the trusts have been organized under their administration, and the Republican party is and always has been the friend of the trusts. Surely sensible people cannot be misled again by their false promises.

YOU ought to know that when suffering from any kidney trouble that a safe, sure remedy is Foley's Kidney Cure. Guaranteed or money refunded. Ad. J. H. Williams, Hartford, S. L. Mitchell & Bro., Beaver Dam; M. S. Ragland, Roanoke.

Inducement to Marry.

The following is an advertisement of a Dakota Magistrate:

"Love, Take Notice—On and after this date I will present an elegant chromo, a parlor lamp or a glass water set to all bridal couples married by me. All marrying done in the most artistic way, either in private or public. Runaway couples married at any hour of the day or night, and runners thrown off the scent. Reduced rates to those I have married before. A red lantern hangs in front of my door on Prairie street at night. No dog kept. Night bell directly under the lantern."

"Moses Todd, J. P."

To Consumptives.

As no loquacious remedy, Foley's Honey and Tar does not hold out false hopes in advanced stages, but truthfully claims to give comfort and relief in the very worst cases, and in the early stages to cure. Ad. J. H. Williams, Hartford, S. L. Mitchell & Bro., Beaver Dam; M. S. Ragland, Roanoke.

Electric Railroad a Certainty.

The right of way has been secured for the electric railroad from Owensboro to Calhoun, and the road is considered a certainty. A Boston firm of capitalists has offered to take the bonds of the road to the amount of \$300,000. The estimated cost is \$120,000 per mile of railroad track. The length of the road will be twenty-miles. It will cost \$200 per mile to bond the rails, \$1,875 per mile for poles and overhead work and \$2,400 per mile for the plants and appliances for the transmission of power. The extension of the road from Calhoun to Madisonville is being argued.

The Sins of the Father.

[From the Attention Globe.]

James James, son of the noted bandit, played baseball in Atchison recently, and when he went to bat was cheered from the grand stand. The fact that James' father was a bandit has been of great advantage to him, though they say the father's sins are visited on the son.

Look In Your Mirror

Do you see sparkling eyes, a healthy, tanned skin, a sweet expression and a graceful form? These attractions are the result of good health. If they are absent, there is surely about you some disease or the distinctly feminine organs present. Healthy men and women mean health and beauty everywhere.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

makes women beautiful and healthy. It strikes at the root of all their troubles. These attractions are the result of good health. If they are absent, there is surely about you some disease or the distinctly feminine organs present. Healthy men and women mean health and beauty everywhere.

After Six Years of Intense Suffering, Promptly Cured

By S. S. S. entire circulation is a severe drain upon the system, and are constantly sapping away the vitality. In every case the poison must be eliminated from the blood, and no amount of external treatment can have any effect.

There is no uncertainty about the merits of S. S. S.; every claim made for it is backed up strongly by convincing testimony of those who have been cured by it and know of its virtues by experience.

Mr. L. J. Clark, of Orange Courthouse, Va., writes:

"For six years I had an obstinate, running ulcer on my ankle, which at times caused me intense suffering. I was so disabled for a long while that I was wholly unfit for business. One of the best doctors treated me constantly, but did me no good. I then tried various blood remedies, without the least benefit. S. S. S. was so highly recommended that I concluded to try it, and the effect was wonderful. It seemed to get right at the seat of the disease and force the poison out, and I was soon completely cured." Swift's Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—drives out every trace of impurity in the blood, and in this way cures permanently the most obstinate, deep-seated sores or ulcers. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains not a particle of poison, mercury, or other mineral. S. S. S. cures Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Cancer, Cutaneous Rheumatism, Sores, Ulcers, Boils, or any other blood trouble. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. Valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, G.